



PROJECT:NVZ

NON-HUMAN VNITY ZINE



 ZINEZERO

a collection of nonhuman info + ephemera

What is Nonhumanity?

Nonhumanity is something that many folks experience, it is a set of similar experiences, shared between individuals that come to understand them in their own way. It is largely a product of self-actualization, upbringing, lived experiences, queerness, and neurodivergence. These people feel that they are nonhuman for a vast number of reasons, be they spiritual, psychological, experiential, or otherwise. There is no one way to identify as nonhuman, and no one reason that people feel this way. It covers a large range of experiences, with a common feeling of altered identification towards being "human."

The word Nonhuman denotes an individual who identifies as something other than human on an integral, nonphysical level. It can be used as an umbrella term that includes therians, otherkin, fictionkin, dogheaded individuals, elves, and etc. Anyone who the definition applies to can choose to use the term.

The purpose of this zine is to help bring understanding of this experience, both to people who are afflicted by it, and those who seek to understand it to help others, or those who may not fully understand themselves yet. This zine, and Project N.U.Z's future zines, intend to bring a collection of written, drawn, and other creative output from the nonhuman community. We intend to bring you accurate, expansive information about our experiences, as a larger voice of the community as a whole.

Your writer, me, Fox, Synanthrope, is a long standing member has been around the otherkin and therian communities since around 2016, and has been hosting panels at conventions, creating music, and doing other community organizing since 2021. I intend to bring you the full voice of the therian and otherkin communities as a whole, to help further understanding of nonhuman experiences.

May this document bring peace to the animal in each of us.

**Dedicated to Cypress Shepherd.
DogDays Forever.**

thank u all . -fox



ohhhhhhhh wow really thank you for telling me i had no clue
omggggggg i am worlds smartest foxes i ma get trophy
like a pffffffftttttt
666

Some individuals that consid

There are many types of shifts. Here are a good few.

Mental Shifting Temporary change in mindset to be closer to that of your kintype, usually involved with acting on feeling than acting on thought. This state can range for many people, from still being cognizant and able to produce words, to the point of being nonverbal, and losing the ability to think.

SALBOCY

Being able to achieve these changes of mindset or proprioception (perception of body) require understanding how to coax yourself into them correctly. Being around other therians, with someone you feel comfortable expressing yourself with, or in other affirming environments, is the best way to experiment with this. Try to find words of affirmation, smells, sensations, or other triggers that elicit a response in your body that feels closer to your kintype. Repetition of these sort of sensations is the only way to tell your body how to feel them, and as you continue to do this, you might be able to do them voluntarily, if to a weaker degree. These are not something that everyone experiences, and I have seen nontherians experience them as well. Mental Shifting i have heard described as being very similar to pup head-space. This topic is fairly large and anecdotal- if you know a therian, you should ask them ways in which they feel affirmed the most, and try to help them affirm the parts of themselves they might not be able to express often.

gubudings cat, critter, etc
 7 at -fitter etc

SHARE THIS ZINE WITH YOUR FRIENDS!!!!

YOU CAN FIND IT ONLINE!!!!!!!!!!!!

THERE IS A FINITE NUMBER OF THESE THINGS PHYSICALLY!!!!

thank youuuuuuuuu :))))

thank you for reading!!!!!!!!!!!!

i genuinely hope
you did it!!!!!!!

YAY!!!!!!!!!!!!

you did it!!!!!!! you have you underappreciate it
and yourself more now
YAY!!!!!!!!!!!!
!!
im love you
thank you so much
you so totally love me
dog you totally love me
please pet your friends im beggin you
not to read im love you
broooooo im upside down lol
thank you for taking the time to read
this just know i love you
you need to be treating your
dog correctctly
(your're the dog)

You can find me at @foxbrained on twitter or telegram
if you really need to (if you really need to)

all updates about this project will be @ProjectNUZ on twitter.

detuned
-by Fox

open my doors
powerful colors
and open chords

they paint over you
and ring your ears
but not quite true

you are still colorblind
to the hues that are inside

of you
of me
of what we're supposed to be

these hands are still paws
these nails are still claws
and they're sharper than ever

you cut through the cloth
that makes up my thoughts
and image of what I might be

you collect all my thoughts
bringing me out
to play in someone else's mind

but it's just what i'm not
these hands aren't my paws
~~emeclearandyouwillneverseeemeclearandyouwillneve~~

this distance between me and me, no
therianthropy has never treated me kindly.

How do I know if I'm Nonhuman?

The process of determining if you're nonhuman is largely that of self-actualization. It's both about how you fit into your environment, and also how you view yourself. Does being expected to feel fulfilled by a wife, kids, and ranch-style house feel completely foreign? Do you have places in this world that you feel an inexplicable connection to? Do you have a familial tie towards the animals around you, to the point where you feel like one of their own? Did you grow up with the dog instead of with your siblings? Did certain nonhuman characters in media as a child bring you comfort? Do they still? Do you feel at odds with your own body? All of these are great indicators. The bigger issue with this topic is figuring it all out- determining what your kintype is can become a long, arduous processing of your current state and how what animal you feel like has changed with it, or you may feel one way and never change again. Chances are, if you are strongly attached to a species, character, or otherwise, to the point of identification or integration, you are nonhuman. There's two other forces that will also work against you here. Impostor syndrome, which you never get rid of, trust me, and

Species Dysphoria- A type of bodily dysphoria arising from the perception that one's body is of the wrong species.

A majority of nonhumans experience this to some degree. It can be debilitating to the point of not being able to operate, and more than half of therians find it distressing to the point where it is difficult to adapt to. There are ways to mitigate these feelings, but trying to escape them can sometimes be fruitless. This experience is academically recognized and being studied- as is nonhumanity as a whole. There are ways to combat species dysphoria, by eliciting-

Species Euphoria- The affirmation of an individual, by expressing what they are in some way, or having such affirmed by outsiders

There are many ways that you can do this! I personally have several tattoos, like a foreleg, bellynipples, and more. I have seen people get lip piercings to represent fangs, tooth modifications, and more. Camping and hiking are great ways to log off + feel closer to habitats that might be similar to your theriotype. Having paraphernalia or "gear" like ears, tails, paws, etc are great to be able to flag with, as well as letting you physically have parts of your body you otherwise wouldn't. Integrating parts of your nonhuman identity into your gender is fairly common within the community, such as using it/its pronouns to distance yourself from humanity, or other neopronouns such as "pup", "paw", etc.


and most importantly- YOUR FRIENDS SHOULD BE PETTING YOU. ask your folk to address you as what you are, make sure they know! After all, the only mark you leave on this world is what others know of you!! Don't let your story go unheard!

Subcategories of Identity

There are many ways that someone's identity may manifest, since this experience is so broad. Some people may identify as multiple animals, some people may experience shifts in a unique way, and some might not experience shifts at all.

Here are some words used to define those experiences.

Contherian- An individual who does not experience mental shifts, and is always at a constant state between human and animal mentally



Vacillant Therian- Level of integration between the human and animal side that transitions more gradually or smoothly, so that one side or the other may act as needed or desired. Some stimuli can still trigger more rapid or sudden shifts. (This experience, or similar, is sometimes referred to as "suntherian", which was coined separately but used interchangeably.)

Holothere- Denotes an individual who considers themselves fully nonhuman, including physically, without implying that they have transformed. This word, from greek roots, means "entirely animal." These individuals do not consider themselves to have been born human, but that they have been this way since birth.

Cladotherian- Someone who identifies as a clade or other group of animals. For example, someone might not identify directly with a Red Fox (*Vulpes vulpes*), but rather with all foxes in the genus *Vulpes*. This can also refer to someone who identifies as a nonspecific group of animals, such as a "dog" without specifying species.

Polytherian/Polykin- Someone who has more than one theriotype or kintype. These individuals may identify with each facet of themselves equally, or with one stronger than others. (Some individuals use the term "**Kinfluid**" to denote prominence that changes with their kintypes.)

The definitions presented here can in no way seek to wholly define the nonhuman experience, and identification outside of the norm is wholly embraced here. You are a universe, to single you down to a single word would be reductive of your experiences.

Boreus

-by Fox "synanthrope"

In my mind's eye you're still up there
Watchin over me
Growlin in the ear of whoever's
Got my by the chain

Rattlecan in your right hand
Backwood still alight
Hissing on a billboard
Some bright black night

Layer after layer,
Pinned to the wall
Time might fade your memory, But you
But you're never quite gone

Your light leaks through the black ink
In the windows of your bandos
Watching one more tag
Burn up off the roof

And I saw you there again,
that bright black night
And when I looked away,
You'd crept back out of sight.

RIP Cypress Shepherd.

art

animals will reclaim
it's what we do
we adapt
we survive
and we thrive

we see you
we see you
with us

don't you realize?

the next part of this zine is a few contributions from selected individuals. In future versions of this zine, we would like to be able to bring you more and more voices from within the community, so that all experiences may be heard.

huge thanks to these individuals for helping me complete this zine in a week's time:

- Mich (FRIICKLORD) : cover
- Parker (MOSSGUY) : written work, art
- Cerberus (LYCANLIBRARIAN) : written work, organization
- Ceej (WOLFEARS) : written work

thank you all for putting up with me, and thank you for the 150+ people who are all ready to pounce when you get your turn to create.

i'm incredibly grateful for what Project NUZ is so far, and i can't wait to take it further.

a different curse
-by Parker "mossy" guy"

being transgender is one thing to tackle,
ripping open your humanity itself is something entirely
different.

although at one point i had forgotten about it, this curse
had been with me since birth
in childhood feeling pointed ears pinned back against my
head in anger, a tail wagging in joy
things that physically didn't exist, but felt just as real to
me as anything else had.

i had taken control of my body once before, but this would
be more complicated.
gender is inherently human, but this other feeling was not

but it still bursts from the seams all the same, too powerful
to ignore.



I CAN SEE IT IN THE MIRROR
AND I CAN SEE IT WHEN I LOOK DOWN AT MY HANDS
BUT NOBODY ELSE SEEMS TO NOTICE

The End of the Track
-by Cerberus, Wolf (@lycanlibrarian)

THIS IS A WORK OF NONFICTION.

Ever since I was a child I remember running on paws. By now, I've forgotten most of my youth, only littered memories once every few months, scattered about my mind like half-dead stars. But of the few that still shine, I remember running on paws. When i was young, I would play with a friend on the elementary school playground. We'd be cheetahs, and we'd drop down to all fours and see who could run the fastest from one end of a track to the other on our paws.

It's been a long time since then - since that playground and a world where running on paws was met with little more than a giggle. I don't remember my cheetah friend anymore, but I know we grew distant as we aged - he didn't keep his paws. But I have. I never really lost them. As the years went on I've used them more and more: I land on them when I go up the stairs, I push them onto the counters when my human friends are around, I shake them when they pet me.

I'm a wolf these days though. More of a wolf now than I was a cheetah then. It's scary for animals like us in their world. Most of our friends who played pretend are gone now-eaten by that endless grey hunger that consumes our forests, consumes our people, consumes our lives. The few of us are left out there, but we're few and far between.

Every day I use my paws more. The noises I make in response have become less like English words and fallen towards whines, grunts, and howls. Every day I rely more on my collar. I rely on my owner. I rely on those few animals i know-however hard it may be.

I worry, for when I make it to the end of the track. When I run to the other side of the playground, the wind blowing across my fur, my ears tucking back, and I sit back on my haunches proud of the distance I've crossed. I know I won't be the same as I was at the start, no longer a human aching my spine into foreign contortions. But when this gets lonely, will I ever be able to return? Will I ever be able to stand back up on my feet and run back in for reading class?

I'm not sure I will. But I don't think it matters. Here on the other end of the track, we'll build a forest. For those of us who made it to this side of the track. We'll remember those of us who didn't complete their race, those of us who may still be running it. We will build a place, far from that boundless gray. In that forest, I will find myself on paws- and maybe then, I won't need to worry if I'll ever stand back up again.

THIS IS A WORK OF NONFICTION.